A XXX 30

GROANE

AT

THE FVNERALL

of that incomparable and
Glorious MONARCH,

CHARLES THE FIRST,

King of Great Brittaine, France,
and Ireland, *&c.*

On whose Sacred Person was acted
that execrable, horrid, and prodigious
Murther, by a trayterous Crew, and bloudy
Combination at WESTMINSTER,
Janury the 30. 1648.

Written by *I. B.*

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Printed in the Yeare, *M.DC.XLIX.*

A GROANE.

TO ſpeake our Griefes at full over Thy Tombe
(Great Soul) we ſhould be Thunder-ſtruck, & dumbe:
The triviall *Off'rings* of our bubling eyes
Are but faire *Libels* at ſuch Obſequies.
When Griefe bleeds inward, not to ſenſe, 'tis deep;
W'have loſt ſo much, that 'twere a ſin to weep,
The wretched Bankrupt counts not up his ſummes
When his inevitable ruine comes.
Our loſſe is finite when we can compute;
But that ſtrikes ſpeechleſſe, which is paſt recruit.
W'are ſunke to ſenſe; and on the Ruine gaze,
As on a curled Comets fiery blaze:
As Earth-quakes fright us, when the teeming earth
Rends ope her bowels for a fatall birth:
As Inundations ſeize our trembling eyes
Whoſe rowling billowes over Kingdomes riſe.
Alas! our Ruines are caſt up, and ſped
In that black totall——CHARLES is Murthered.
Rebellious Gyant hands have broake that Pole,
On which our Orbe did long in Glory roule.
That *Roman Monſters* wiſh in Act we ſee, *Cali-*
Three Kingdoms necks have felt the Axe in Thee. *gula.*
The Butchery is ſuch, as when by *Caine*,
The fourth Diviſion of the world was ſlaine.
The mangled Church is on the ſhambles lay'd,
Her Maſſacre is on thy Blocke diſplay'd.
Thine is Thy peoples epidemicke Tombe:
Thy Sacrifice a num'rous *Hecatombe*.
The Powder-min's now fir'd: we were not freed,
But reſpited by Traytours thus to bleed.
Novembers plots are brew'd and broach't in worſe,
And *Ianuary* now compleats the Curſe.
Our Lives, Eſtates, Lawes, and Religion, All
Lye cruſh'd, and gaſping at this diſmall fall.
Accurſed Day that blotted'ſt out our light!
May'ſt *Thou* be ever muffled up in Night.
At *Thy* returne may fables hang the skie;
And teares, not beames, diſtill from Heavens Eye:
Curs'd be that ſmile that guilds a Face on *Thee*,

The Mother of prodigious Villanie,
Let not a breath be wafted, but in moanes;
And all our words be but articulate groanes.
May all Thy *Rubrick* be this dismall Brand;
Now comes the miscreant Doomes-day of the Land.
Good Friday wretchedly transcrib'd; and such
As Horrour brings alike, though not so much.
May Dread still fill Thy minutes, and we sit
Frighted to thinke, what others durst commit.
A Fact that copies Angels when they fell,
And justly might create another Hell.
Above the scale of Crimes; Treason sublim'd,
That cannot by a parallell be rim'd.
Raviliack's was but under-graduate sin,
And *Gourney* here a Pupill Assassin.
Infidell wickednesse, without the *Pale*!
Yet such as justifies the Canniball,
Ryot Apochryphall, of *Legend* breed;
Above the Canon of a Jesuites Creed.
Spirits-of-witch-craft! quintessentiall guilt!
Hels *Pyramid*! another *Babell* built!
Monstrous in bulke! above our *Fancies* span!
A *Behemoth*! a Crime *Leviathan*!
So desperately damnable, that here
Ev'n *Wild* smels Treason, and will not appeare.
That Murdering peece of the new Tyrant-State,
By whom't hath Shot black Destinies of late;
He that belch'd forth the Loyall *Burleighs* doome,
Rocoyles at this so dreadfull Martyrdome.
What depth of Terrour lies in that Offence,
That thus can grind a seared Conscience!
Hellish Complotment! which a League renewes,
Lesse with the men, then th'Actions of the Jewes.
Such was their Bedlam Rabble, and the Cry
Of *Justice* now, 'mongst them was *Crucifie*:
Pilates Consent is *Bradshaws* Sentence here;
The *Judgement-hall's* remov'd to *Westminster*.
Hayle to the Reeden Scepter; th'Head, and knee
Act o'r agame that Cursed Pageantrie.
The Cattiff crew in solemne pompe guard on
Mock's Majesty as not to th'Block, but Throne:

The

The Belch agrees of thoſe envenom'd Lyes;
There a *Blaſphemer*, here a *Murd'rer* dyes.
If that goe firſt in horrour, this comes next,
A pregnant *Comment* on that gaſtly *Text*.
The Heav'ns ne're ſaw, but in that Tragicke howre,
Slaughter'd ſo great an *Innocence and Powre*.
Bloud-thirſty Tygars! could no ſtreame ſuffice
T'allay that Hell within your Breaſts but This?
Muſt you needs ſwill in *Cleopatra's* Cup,
And drinke the price of Kingdomes in a ſup?
Ciſterns of Loyalty have deeply bled,
And now y'have damm'd the Royall *Fountain Head*.
Cruell *Phlebotomie!* at once to draine
The *Median*, and the rich *Baſilick* veine!
The tinctures great that popular murther brings,
'Tis ſcarlet-deep, that's dy'd in bloud of Kings.
But what! could *Iſrael* find no other way
To their wiſh'd *Canaan* than through This Red Sea?
Muſt God have here his leading Fire and Cloud,
And He be th'Guide to this outragious Crowd?
Shall the black *Conclave* counterfeit His hand,
And ſuperſcribe Their Guilt, *Divine Command*?
Doth th'ugly Fiend uſurpe a Saint-like grace?
And Holy-water waſh the Devils face!
Shall *Dagons* Temple the mock'd *Arke* incloſe?
Can *Eſau's* hands agree with *Jacob's* voyce?
Muſt *Moloch's* Fire now on the Altar burne?
And *Abel's* bloud to Expiation turne?
Is *Righteouſneſſe* ſo lewd a *Baud*? and can
The *Bibles* Cover ſerve the *Alcoran*?
Thus when *Hel's* meant, *Religion's* bid to ſhine;
So *Faux* his Lanterne lights him to his *Mine*.
Here, here is ſins *non ultra*, when one Lie
Kils This, and ſtabs at Higher *Majeſtie*.
And though His ſleepy Arme ſuſpend the ſcourge,
Nor doth loud Bloud in winged Vengeance urge:
Though the ſoft houres a while in pleaſures flie,
And conquering Treaſon ſing her *Lullabie*.
The guilt at length in fury he'l inroule
With barbed Arrows on the traytrous Soule.
Time may be when that *John-à Leyden* King

His Quarters to this Tombe an Offring bring,
And that *Be-Munſter'd* Rabble may have eyes
To read the Price of their deare Buttcheries.
Yet if juſt Providence reprieve the Fate,
The Judgement will be deeper, though't be late.
and After-times ſhall feele the curſe enhanc'd,
By how much They've the ſin bequeath'd advanc'd.
Meane time (moſt bleſſed ſhade) the Loyall eye
Shall pay her Tribute to Thy Memory.
Thy *Aromatick* Name ſhall feaſt our ſenſe,
'Bove *Balmie Spiknard's* fragrant Redolence;
Whilſt on Thy loathſome Murderers ſhall dwell
A plague-ſore-blaſt, and rotten ulcers ſmell.
Wonder of Men and Goodneſſe! ſtamp'd to be
The *Pride*, and *Flouriſh* of all Hiſtory.
Thou haſt undone the *Annals*, and engroſs'd
All th'*Heroes* Glory which the Earth e're loſt.
Thy Priviledge 'tis onely to commence
Laureate in *Sufferings*, and in *Patience*.
Thy wrongs were 'bove all *Sweetneſſe* to digeſt;
And yet thy *Sweetneſſe* conqu'r'd the ſharp teſt:
Both ſo immenſe, and infinitely vaſt,
The *firſt* could not be reach'd, but by the *laſt*.
Meane *Maſſacres* are but in *death begun*;
But Thou haſt *Liv'd* an *Execution*.
Cloſe conffin'd up in a *deceaſed Life*;
Hadſt *Orphan Children*, and a *Widow-Wife*.
Friends not t'approach, or comfort, but to mourne
And weep their unheard plaints, as at Thy Urne?
Such black Attendants Colonied Thy Cell,
But for thy Preſence, *Car'sbrooke* had been Hell.
Thus baſely to be Dungeon'd, would enrage
Great *Bajazet* beyond an *Iron Cage*.
That deep *indignity* might yet have layne
Something the lighter from a *Tamerlaine*.
But here *Sidonian* Slaves uſurp the Reines,
And lock the Scepter-bearing Armes in chaines.
The ſpew'd-up ſurfeit of this glut'nous Land;
Honour'd by *Scorne*, and cleane beneath all brand.
For ſuch a Varlot-brood to teare all downe,
And make a common *Foot-ball* of the *Crowne*;

T'inſult

T'insult oh wounded *Majesty*, and broach
The bloud of *Honour* by their vile reproach.
What Royall Eye but Thine could sober see,
Bowing so *Low*, yet bearing up so *high*?
What an unbroken *sweetnesse* grac'd Thy Soule,
Beyond the Worlds proud conquest, or controule?
Maugre grim cruelty, thou kept'st Thy Hold;
Thy *Thorny Crowne* was still a *Crowne of Gold*.
Chast *Honour Might* enrag'd could ne're defloure,
Though others th'*Use*, Thou claim'dst the *Right* of Power.
The *brave Athenian* thus (with lopp'd-off *Hands*) *Cynegirus.*
A stop to swelling sailes by's *mouth* commands.
New Vigour rouz'd Thee still in Thy Embroyles,
Antæus-like, recruiting from Thy Foyles.
Victorious *fury* could not terrour bring,
Enough to quell a captivated King.
So did that *Roman Miracle* withstand *Horatius*
Hetrurian shoales, but with a single hand. *Cocles.*
The Church in Thee had still her Armies; thus
The World once fought with *Athanasius*.
The Gantlet thus upheld; It is decreed,
(No safety else for Treason) CHARLES must bleed.
Traytor and *Soveraigne* now inverted meet;
The wealthy *Olive's* dragg'd to th'*Brambles* feet.
The *Throne* is metamorphiz'd to the *Barre*,
And despicable *Batts* the *Eagle* dare.
Astonishment! yet still we must admire
Thy *courage* growing with Thy *conflicts* high'r.
No palsied hands or trembling knees betray
That Cause, on which Thy Soule sure bottom'd lay.
So free and undisturbed flew thy Breath,
Not as *condemn'd*, but *purchasing* a death.
Those early Martyrs in their funerall pile,
Embrac'd their Flames with such a quiet smile.
Brave *Cœur-de-Lyon* Soule, that would'st not vaile
In one base syllable to beg Thy Bayle!
How didst Thou blesh to live at such a price,
As ask'd thy People for a sacrifice!
Th' *Athenian Prince* in such a pitch of zeale, *Codrus.*
Redeem'd his destin'd Hoast, and Common-weale;
Who brib'd his cheated Enemies to kill,

And

And both their *Conquest*, and their *Conquerour* fell.
Thus Thou our Martyr died'st: but Oh! we ſtand
A Ranſome for another CHARLES his Hand.
One that will write Thy *Chronicle* in Red,
And dip His Pen in what Thy Foes have bled.
Shall Treas'nous Heads in purple *Caldrons* drench,
And with ſuch veines the Flames of Kingdomes quench.
Then Thou at leaſt at *Weſtminſter* ſhal't be
Fil'd in the Pompous Liſt of *Majeſtie*.
Thy *Mauſolæum* ſhall in Glory riſe,
And Teares and wonder force from Nephews Eyes.
Till when (though black-mouth'd Miſcreants engrave
No Epitaph, but Tyrant upon Thy Grave.)
A Vault of *Loyalty* ſhall keep Thy Name,
An orient, and bright *Olibian* flame.
On which, when time ſucceeding foot ſhall tread,
Such Characters as theſe ſhall there be read.
Here CHARLES the beſt of Monarchs butcher'd lies;
The Glory of all *Martyrologies*.
Bulwarke of Law; the Churches *Citadell*;
In whom they triumph'd once, with whom they fell:
An Engliſh *Salomon*, a *Conſtantine*;
Pandect of Knowledge, Humane and Divine.
Meeke ev'n to wonder, yet of ſtouteſt *Grace*,
To ſweeten *Majeſty*, but not debaſe.
So whole made up of *Clemencie*, the *Throne*
And *Mercy-ſeat*, to Him were alwaies one.
Inviting Treaſon with a pardoning looke,
Inſtead of *Gratitude*, a *Stab* He tooke.
With paſſion lov'd, that when He murd'red lay,
Heav'n conquered ſeem'd, and *Hell* to bear the ſway.
A Prince ſo richly good, ſo bleſt a Reigne.
The World n're ſaw but once, nor can againe.

Scilicet, *Humano generi Natura benigna*
Nil dedit, aut tribuet moderato hoc Principe majus
In quo vera Dei, vivenſq; eluxit Imago:
Hunc quoniam ſcelerata cohors *violavit, acerbas*
Sacrilego *Deus ipſe petet de* Sanguine *pœnas*
Contemptumq; ſui Simulachri *haud linquet inultum.*
Parodia ex Buchanani Geneth. Jacobi ſexti.

FINIS.